

# Heavy Hitters (One Love Blend)

## Kanye West

[Kanye West]

Heavy hitters fo' life, heavy hitters fo' life  
You rappers think I give a fuck about the way that they spit  
Wanna be on my album but don't want me on they shit  
Everybody thought I was makin' a compilation  
I was really makin' myself, they competition  
Fresh off the plane from the All-Star game  
? on TV so it's All-Star trains  
Just picture man, no snitchin' man  
Somethin' for the fiends fresh out the kitchen man  
Last 9.11 I was poor on the ave  
'Til I pulled out my map  
Not it's course 9.11 and I'm floorin' the gas  
Gotta lotta problems, but at least one that Annette have no more  
Uh, well Dame look at how everybody changed  
Tell Jay that I'm 'bout to change the game  
Tell B.I.G. that we about to get paid  
All my niggaz about to have it made  
This makes everything else sound played  
Goddamn Kanye (Kanye) Kanye!  
Now hold up  
Ain't nobody messin' with me dog  
Now you say it (ain't nobody messin' with you at all)  
I told dude "You can't even rap on my interlude"  
Now does that make me as rude as you?  
(When the album comin' out?) Man the peoples is askin'  
Y'all don't model Adidas, just stick with the fashion  
Y'all already got do' so just spit for the passion  
The way ya rhyme give me Tribe Called Quest flashbacks  
And let's not even bring up the tracks man  
Nope, nope, let's not do that man  
You eatin' up the game like Pac-Man  
He got the whole world shakin' just like crack fangs  
[Hook: Kanye West]  
Heavy hitters fo' life, Roc-a-Fella is fo' life  
Throw your diamonds up, throw your diamonds up  
Throw your diamonds  
Let the beat ride out for a minute[GLC (Kanye West)]  
Let's take it there, take it there man  
It's not supposed to be?

?

(GLC where you at nigga?)

How many niggaz you know put their life on the line  
and get signed

Did a few high crimes, almost got lifetime

After the sunshine you thinkin' it might count

How could I mic out, just look at my account

I used to work at the mall with nothin' at all

Seein' niggaz that ball, that shit was depressin'

Keep my clothes in the cleaners, I hate with the pressin'

When I copied hounds it was my best investment

Dre got shot and it taught me a lesson

I'm stickin' niggaz up and them rubbery masses

Mash like Batman minus the tight pants

Would hit your baby momma but her elbows is ashy

Fo' different blues, man your outfit is crashin'

You ain't got no muscles dude you weakling bastard

Man look at your haircut

Mm hmm, mm hmm, NAW, your hair sucks

How many niggaz you know is really heavy hitters

'87 go getters, two hoes like John Ritter

Even did it on his crime picture and ye

And offers to sell and yell, uh[Hook: Kanye West]

Heavy hitters fo' life, Roc-a-Fella is fo' life

Throw your diamonds up, throw your diamonds up

Throw your diamonds

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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